

Poetry.

The Old Brown School House.

It stood on a bleak country corner,
The houses were distant and few,
A meadow lay back in the distance,
Beyond rose the hills to the view,
The roads crossed there at right angles,
Untraversed by pomp and array,
Were crisscrossed by the cows in the summer,
I've watched them there many a day.

In memory's hall hangs the picture,
And years of old days are before me;
It hangs with a beautiful gliding,
And well do I love it, I ween.
It stood on a bleak country corner,
But boyhood's young heart made it warm;
It glowed in the sunshine of summer,
I've watched them there many a day.

The teacher, O well I remember,
My heart has long kept him a place;
He taught us the lessons of life,
His memory no touch can efface.
He met us with wisdom at the threshold,
And in that rude temple of art,
He left, with the skill of a workman,
His touch on the mind and the heart.

Oh, gay were the sports of the noontide,
When winter winds faded with snow;
We laughed at the frosts of the storm king,
And shouted him an adieu.
We dashed at his beautiful sculpture,
Regardless of all his array,
We played in the feathered snowflakes,
And sported the winter away.

We sat on the old-fashioned benches,
Beggared with our pencil and slate;
We thought of the opening future,
And dreamed of our husband's estate.
O, days of my boyhood, I bless you,
While looking from life's busy prime,
The treasures are lingering with me,
I gathered in life's early time.

O, still that bleak country corner,
Turns my heart in sadness yet;
Where leading my gentle young sister,
With youthful companions I met.
I cast a fond glance on the meadow,
The hills just behind it I see;
Away in the charm of the distance,
Old school house! a blessing on thee.

—Rev. Dwight Williams.

Select Story.

SAVED BY A WOMAN.

A Thrilling Romance of Mount Athos.

BY JAMES WIGHT.

To the east of the Gulf of Salonica, in European Turkey, a peninsula projects from the main land into the waters of the Archipelago, and afterwards divides into three smaller peninsulas. The most eastern of the three is called Mount Athos, (Hagion Oros, or the Holy Mountain,) a narrow ridge thirty miles in length, four or five in breadth, and six thousand feet above the sea. The sides of Athos are covered with monasteries belonging to the Greek Church, whose possession of this locality has always been tolerated by the Turkish government.

The most curious feature of this monastic society is the absolute exclusion from it of every female creature, whether of the human species or of any other kind capable of being prevented from contaminating the pious brethren by its feminine influences. The numbers of the priestly society are, of course, kept up by the admission of recruits from the masculine world without; and some of the monks who were admitted early in life are in utter ignorance of the appearance of that large fragment of the human race termed woman. Consequently, Mr. Rip Vesey (christened Euripides,) of the United States, was rather startled when his chaperone—a still youthful monk—gravely informed him that the only woman he had ever seen was his mother, and that he had forgot even her appearance, as he had been sent on a visit to his uncle on the mountain when four years of age, and he had never crossed its limits since, a period of over a quarter of a century.

'No woman was ever on Hagion Oros,' then added the unsophisticated brother, 'and any one of the sex who would presume to touch the sacred soil of the peninsula with her feet, would be summarily dealt with for her impiety.'

When Rip Vesey left the Holy Mountain he had promised to pay another visit three days afterward to witness the grand torchlight procession which winds up the festivities of Easter as observed by the Greek Christians.

Mr. Rip Vesey was the well known American athlete, whose marvelous performances, under a professional name, a few years since astonished the world. At the end of the previous season his health had suffered somewhat, and he was easily induced to take a trip to the Mediterranean with an old friend of his, the captain of a trading steamer. The bills of lading of the Cinderella had taken her to Salonica, and curiosity had carried her only passenger up the slopes of Mount Athos.

It was the balmy hour of a late April sunset when Rip Vesey crossed the boundary of the Holy Mountain. Stars were flashing out one by one, with mellow lustre in the infinity of the sky. Hagion Oros seemed to be asleep, as he climbed the hill past the darkening masses of the great monasteries. With the exception of two or three visitors, evidently attracted by curiosity like himself, there was no suggestion of the outside world to disturb the soothing influences of the hour and scene.

Suddenly the sound of many voices struck upon his ear. A wild rhythmic chant, rising and falling with a strange weird cadence was borne upon the zephyrs, and a minute more it had swelled into a grand harmonious chorus. Soon the fierce glare of five hundred torches heralded the approach of the procession, in front of which was borne by four brethren, an enormous gilded crucifix. The white beards of the monks descended over their breasts, and their hoods and black garments imparted to them an appearance of peculiar awe and solemnity.

The procession had nearly passed Rip Vesey, when the entirety and harmony of the chorus was impaired. Something had happened; and the

chanting was brought to a pause by a few straggling voices. In the place of music there was wild uproar and tumult in the monkish ranks, which had now become a mob of howling, vociferating fanatics. A hundred tongues were yelling:

'Strip her!—Hang her!—Away with her!'

In ten seconds Vesey had bounded in the midst of the surging crowd, for he had obtained a fleeting glance at the cause of all this tumult. A large, handsome woman, in the very flush and noontide of her voluptuous beauty was struggling in the arms of three big, gaunt, infuriated monks. Baffled to the waist, with the glowing roundness of bust and shoulder fully revealed by the savage, lurid glare of the torches, she struggled wildly with her captors, and, as yet, uttered not a word. Though her hair was torn, and her superb arms bruised and scratched by the brutal violence of the fanatics, she fought and struggled like one of those ancient Roman Amazons. All this Rip Vesey saw as he elbowed his way through the crowd, yelling:

'Miscreants! Cowards! Would you hurt a poor, defenceless, unprotected woman?'

He spoke in French, and a score of voices answered him in tones of mockery and derision.

Suddenly a young monk—the one Vesey had spoken with three days before—seized the struggling prisoner in a brutal manner around the chest. What violence had failed to do, this rascally demonstration of indecency effected. She drooped her head, ceased to struggle, and uttered one shriek for help.

The savage mob of graybeards replied to it with a chorus of fiendish yells. When, after Hercules struggling, Rip Vesey reached her side, the woman was nude with the exception of her boots and hose. Her face wore an expression compounded with the extreme of terror, of horror, of aversion, and of disgust. She tried to stoop and to fold her arms over her bosom.

'Release her you fiends!' cried Rip, hauling off and striking the biggest of her captors a blow that might have come from a forge-hammer. The monk went down in a quivering heap. Again the American drew himself together like a panther about to spring, and then his long, brawny arm flew out like a catapult, and laid another monk prostrate with a gashed cheek. Another and then another fell in like manner.

'Down with him! Down with the woman! Kill both!' the surging crowd yelled, as they crowded round the circle, of which Rip and the girl were now the center, his left arm thrown around her waist.

Only one more dared to come within the swing of that terrible arm. It was the young monk, and his hollow eyes were lit up with the fervor of a most unholy passion. Again the arm was launched out, and as the victim turned to dodge the blow, he too fell to the ground.

'Make way, there, you infernal miscreants!' cried Vesey, moving down the hill. The crowd opened before him.

'Come, my dear,' he said to the woman he had rescued from a terrible death. She had fainted. He grasped her in his left arm, raised her and passed out of the mob of muttering monks unmolested. But scarcely had he covered twenty paces when the clamor of their shouts shook the night silence. He grasped his precious burden closer, and ran down the steep like a deer. One false step might be fatal. The woman he bore was quite heavy, majestically framed and very heavily limbed. He never knew how he gained the sacred boundary and found the welcome shade of a cypress tree.

'They were alone, and for hours, at least, safe. The air was warm and balmy, and night lent her garments to the nude woman. The earth was hushed. There was a great silence everywhere, except the low sigh that proceeded from her lips. They sat on the soft grass some feet apart, and neither seemed disposed to break the awkward silence. Indeed Rip Vesey's mind was not so much occupied with the present as with the future. He was contemplating the approach of daylight with feelings as far removed as possible from satisfaction.

At length he was aroused from his unpleasant reverie. She had begun to softly sob, and his heart was then touched.

'I hope you are not hurt,' he said in French. He was anxious to make a nice, soothing speech, but he felt wretchedly tongue-tied, and he didn't know what to say.

Without directly answering, she began to reproach herself in broken French. Suddenly she threw her arms around his neck and kissing him impulsively on the forehead, cried: 'My savior! My preserver!'

That exclamation over, she essayed to tell her story. There was not much to tell. She was a native of Liamsol, in the Island of Cyprus. When she was fifteen Ahmed Bey, the Turkish Governor—a man of forty—had obtained permission from her parents to number her among his wives. She had become his favorite, and accompanied him to Paris when he was an attaché of the Embassy there. From thence he had been transferred to Salonica as Governor. At present he was in Stamboul, and as she had heard so much about Mount Athos, and the prohibition of any female creature entering the sacred precincts, her curiosity had been aroused. It was very wicked, she was aware, but she could not help it. Therefore she had taken the opportunity, in her husband's absence, to run

the blockade, as it were. The French Consul, a friend of hers, had loaned her a suit of masculine clothes, and pronounced her disguise perfect. And so she had been standing on the mountain watching the procession pass, when she felt that her moustache was displaced. In arranging it she felt some apprehension, because the fierce eyes of the monks seemed to be glaring at her with an expression of suspicious questioning. She felt her bosom begin to move. The torches threw their terrible glare around her. The secret was discovered; it passed from mouth to mouth, and before she could move, her clothes were being literally torn from her body by the exasperated brethren.

'And you Monsieur! So strong, so noble! You saved my life, and I can never repay you!' she said, clasping his bony hands in hers and kissing them, when her narrative was ended.

'But the morning? What are we to do in the morning? Was his somewhat chilling response to this fervor of gratitude.

'The morning? she then exclaimed with a shudder. 'Mon Dieu! I had not thought of that! How miserable and degraded I am!' and she burst into an agony of weeping.

'I must leave you for awhile, said Vesey, starting up, 'I must go and find you some clothing.'

Clothed only with the garments of night she rose to her feet and threw her arms around his neck.

'My preserver!' she cried, 'I am afraid to part with you; for move you, oh, so dearly!' and the eyes of the lost, maddened woman filled with the tears of a deep and unselfish affection. He tore himself away from her and started on a run. No human habitation seemed near. There was no light except from the stars, and he had no idea in what direction he was proceeding. The gray dawn was breaking as he perceived a considerable village half a mile off. Although he was footsore and weary by his long run, he rushed onward with renewed speed. From a Hebrew merchant he soon purchased the requisite raiment. The sun had risen an hour when he again reached the cypress grove. He had hardly entered the solemn shade when he was surrounded by Turkish soldiers.

Determined to sell his life dearly, he placed his back against a tree, and with set teeth awaited the attack.

'Your late companion is a prisoner and cared for,' said the officer in command, in excellent English, 'and unless you surrender peaceably, you will be shot where you stand.'

Vesey looked at the apparel lying at his feet, and then glanced at the stolid Turks, with their rifles placed in readiness.

'We brought clothing along for the lady,' resumed the officer.

'I surrender!' said Rip, walking gloomily away from the tree.

He was then taken to Salonica and placed in a cell in one of the huge fortresses on the edge of the Aegean, and no communication whatever was permitted with the outside world. He had killed one of the monks in the Hagion Oros fray, and he had been guilty of eloping with the favorite wife of his Highness, Ahmed Bey. Therefore, by the hump of the sacred camel, he must have the bow-string and the sack.

'Mashallah, Allah is great! There is no God but God, and Mahomet is his prophet; you have just one month to live,' said the Judge who passed the sentence. Some of the monks had appeared as witnesses against Rip Vesey.

He was bounteously supplied with food, but none of his jailors would speak a word to him.

It is not necessary to attempt an analysis of his feelings during that terrible time. Most of all, he seemed to be in doubt of his personal identity. As he paced around his cell he would say: 'Is it possible I'm Rip Vesey? and then he would ponder over his life from the earliest dawn of memory down to that fight with the monkish mob, and that extraordinary night with the rescued woman in the cypress grove. What had become of her? Had she also been condemned to the bow-string and the sack? Then he would try to realize what sort of a death he was going to face. Would it be hanging, or strangling, or something more barbarously cruel?

Three weeks had passed. Another week and he would be judicially murdered for acting a man's part.

'Five more days! Only two more suns to see.'

'My God! he cried, 'this is hard! It cannot be possible. It cannot be that I am to be murdered in this place, and the outside world know nothing about it?'

He threw himself on his pallet and shed the first tears that had wet his cheeks in ten years. Sleep threw her benign mantle over him, and he was dreaming of his American home when something aroused him into instant consciousness. He looked up; a face was bent close to his. In the dim light he had no difficulty in recognizing it. The voice spoke:

'My preserver! I had but one object left for which to live. I resolved to release you for if the whole Turkish army stood with naked cutters before me. Put on these clothes, take this ring, and then flee to the English ship in the harbor. I will remain here.'

'What! To sacrifice yourself for me! Oh, no, the fact is, I care nothing about it. I'm used to this sort of thing. I—'

Her love for the handsome, brave fellow who had fought so nobly in her defense, surged up in her heart with an irresistible tide. With a wild shriek she threw herself into his arms, and

fainted. The sound of her voice betrayed her sex; for she was dressed as a Turkish pasha. In the first paroxysm of their alarm the cowardly jailers threw open the cell door and discharged their rifles at the pair. One of the cruel misadventures of its errand only too well. It drank the life blood of the heroic woman. She could only kiss his lips once; seize his hand and press it convulsively to her bleeding bosom, ere she sank down lifeless on the pavement at his feet. Gently and tenderly he lifted her form and laid it on his bed; and gently and tenderly he smoothed the dew-damp forehead; and then he kissed the warm unconscious lips, oh! so tenderly! There was a tear in his eye that needed dashing away, as he stood erect and said to the group at the door:

'Cowards! Miscreants! Murderers! blaze away! I defy you! Fire, and see how a man can die!'

They did not fire, for at that minute a courier had arrived from the Sultan with an order to release the American prisoner. And a year afterwards he learned the self-sacrificing Lucille—whose name, living, he had never known—had communicated by letter the facts of the case to the British Ambassador, and hence his release at the moment when the woman who had saved his life had died for him.

The Farm.

KEROSENE.

The grease which has become hardened by dust on the axles of machinery can all be cleaned off by the use of kerosene.

RADISHES.

Radishes must be grown quickly or they will be very tough, stringy or bitter. If forced by a daily sprinkling of liquid manure they will be very brittle and tender.

WATER.

A correspondent of the *Ploughman*, in writing from Watertown, Mass., states that he has been successful in curing warts on the teats of cows by simply bathing with water in which beans have been boiled.

SOWING SEEDS.

In sowing grass and vegetable seeds remember Mr. Peter Henderson's caution about 'firming the ground.' By pressing the roots about the soil they germinate quicker and the young roots more readily take a firm hold upon the soil. The neglect of this process may cause the loss of the crop if the season should prove dry.

WATERING PEAR TREES.

A correspondent of the *American Cultivator* says that pear trees need a great deal of water. He has watered some of the pear trees in his garden with liquid manure every day this summer and fall and it is surprising to see how the fruit has increased in size and quality. Probably the increased size and quality may be accounted for by the fact that the liquid used was not merely water, but also a fertilizer.

SUN FLOWERS.

Plant a few sun flowers if you have any poultry. They may be sown at any time after the 10th of May. The mammoth Russian is the largest and most productive variety. A single flower will produce a large quantity of seed. Although it will repay care it may be grown along fences, where other plants are not easily cultivated. Leave one stalk on a hill. The seeds are excellent for stocks as well as for poultry, the leaves may be fed green to cattle and the dry stalks will serve to light the kitchen fire.

LIMA BEANS.

The Lima bean is less grown than it should be on account of its supposed uncertainty, tenderness and the trouble connected with sowing. Some experiments of ours with the most delicious of all beans may be of public interest. We find by trial that sowing is not only unnecessary, but decidedly a disadvantage. When the tendrils begin to start up nip them off. Two or three times after this we go over the vines clipping of the climbing tendrils. The plants become low and bushy and loaded with early maturing pods.

GUINEA HENS.

A New Jersey farmer writes: "On the 10th of April, 1879, I bought five Guinea hens and one male, and fed them on cracked corn until the 27th of May, when they commenced laying eggs to the amount of 300, and then hatched and brought out 50 young ones. They cost nothing to raise until snow covers the ground, as they live on insects and seeds from weeds. I think, with my experience, fifty Guinea hens on a hundred acre farm would keep the farmer's insect enemies away; besides, with proper care, he would secure over three thousand eggs. He could allow a few to breed so as to keep up the supply."

EGG SHELLS FOR HENS.

Some contend, says an exchange, that if egg shells are given to hens it teaches them to eat their eggs. We have made a practice for many years past of feeding all our egg shells to our hens broken up moderately fine by the hand and thrown out to them twice or three times a week. During this time we have never lost an egg by hen eating. In addition to giving our hens the shells, we invariably add any that get broken in picking them up. In them they get the yolk and white and yet these have not taught them to break an egg themselves for the purpose of eating it. In the *London Live Stock Journal* a correspondent writes he has followed the practice of given egg shells to his hens for fifteen years and not a single one of his flock has made an egg eater; on the contrary, it was a sure preventive, as the shell gave them all they craved for to assist in forming eggs.

Attorneys.

A. L. LESSICK,
Attorney-at-Law,
Office on Perry St. over H. E. Lary's Store, Napoleon, Ohio.

MARTIN KNAPP, Attorney at Law,
Office in Dittmer's Block, Washington St., Napoleon, O.

A. H. TYLER,
Attorney-at-Law
And Notary Public.
Office in room with J. H. Tyler, Tyler Block, Napoleon, Ohio. Special attention paid to conveying. my21

R. W. CAHILL,
Attorney and Counselor at Law.
Office on Washington street, in first building west of Humphrey's old corner. oct 31-90

F. M. RUMMEL, Attorney at Law,
and Real Estate Agent, Office Hahn & Meyer Building second story, Napoleon, Ohio. All business entrusted to his care will be promptly attended to. dec15-75.

C. C. YOUNG, Notary Public and Conveyancer, Liberty Center, Henry county, O. All business of the office promptly attended to. February 27, 1878-f g

E. A. PALMER,
Attorney-at-Law
And Notary Public,
NAPOLEON, - - - OHIO.
Also Attorney for Pensions, Bounty, Back pay, etc. Collections promptly attended to. Office up stairs Vocke Block facing Perry Street.

J. H. TYLER, M. DONNELLY,
Tyler & Donnelly,
Attorneys-at-Law,
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Office in Tyler's Block, 2nd story, Washington street.

DAVID MEERKISON,
Attorney and Counselor - At - Law.
Office, 2d story in Freese Block, Washington St., opposite Court House. Dec. 10, 1880.

J. M. HAAG, J. P. RAGAN,
HAAG & RAGAN,
Attorneys - at - Law,
Napoleon, Ohio.
Rooms No. 5 & 6, Vocke Block. Will practice in North Western courts and United States courts. Business will receive prompt attention. April 8-80

S. M. HAUGE, W. M. HUBBARD,
HAGUE & HUBBARD
Attorneys and Counselors - At - Law,
Napoleon, Henry County, Ohio.
Will practice the law in all its branches. In Henry and neighboring counties. Real estate law and Abstracts of Titles a specialty. Office in Heller Block on Washington street, opposite Northwest Office.

Justice of the Peace.
G. H. REEDER, Justice of the Peace,
Office in Shoe Store, 1st door south of Cary's Grocery. Special attention paid to collections which will receive prompt attention. ap14-79-80

PHILIP C. SCHWAB, Justice of the Peace, Pleasant twp., Henry county, Ohio. New Bavaria P. O. may 23-77

PETER PUNCHES, Justice of the Peace, Marion twp., Henry county, Ohio. Hamlet, P. O. Box 55. april 19-77-78

CHARLES EVERS, Justice of the Peace, Notary Public and General Collection and Insurance Agent, NAPOLEON, - - - OHIO.
Agency for the Hartford, of Connecticut, Scottish Commercial, Glasgow, and other Insurance Companies. Collections promptly attended to and deeds of all kinds drawn up short notice. Especial attention paid to collections in the neighborhood.

Agency for the sale of Tickets to and from Europe by the best and Safest Steamboat Lines.
Office in Vocke's Block, Napoleon, Oct 30, 1877.

EDWARD PEYTON,
Justice of the Peace and Notary Public, Napoleon, Ohio.
SPECIAL attention paid to conveying and collection matters. Office in Freeman Block, first stairway north of Sheffield & Norton's bank. May 6th, 1880.

Physicians.
HOMEOPATHY.
MRS. H. H. SHEFFIELD, Physician and Surgeon, Napoleon, Ohio. Office over SHEFFIELD & NORTON'S BANK. Entrance doors from head of stairs on Perry street, also 2 doors from head of stairs on Washington street.

J. BLOOMFIELD, Physician and Surgeon, Napoleon, Ohio. mh14-79

E. B. HARRISON, Physician and Surgeon, Napoleon, Ohio. Office over Saur's drug store. Office hours 8 to 9 A. M.; 12 to 1 P. M. and 7 to 9 P. M. Nov 28-79

MRS. P. A. SAUR, Physician and Surgeon, Napoleon, Ohio. Will attend calls in town or country. Office at SAUR'S Drug Store. [Jan 23-78-79]

M. J. MARVIN, Physician and Surgeon, Napoleon, Ohio. Will attend to all calls promptly. Office over Sheffield & Norton's Bank. mh21-79

J. M. STOUT, Physician and Surgeon, Florida, Henry County, Ohio, will attend to all professional calls in all parts of the county. Saturdays set apart especially for the examination of patients at my office. aug 19-79

DRS. McHENRY & DULITZ,
PHYSICIANS AND SURGEONS,
NAPOLEON, OHIO.
Office in residence Clinton Street. my 19-81-82

DR. J. S. HALY,
Physician and Surgeon,
Napoleon, Ohio.
Will attend to calls in town and country. Office at his residence on Clinton Street, July 1, 1880.

Chemist.
J. L. LEIST, Pharmaceutical Chemist, Napoleon, Ohio. All work done on short notice. Laboratory in Humphrey's Drug Store. my 11

Consorial.
GEORGE W. VALENTINE, Fashionable Barber and Hair Dresser, Room West Side Perry Street, Napoleon, Ohio. [Jan 16-78-79]

PHILLIP WEBB, Barber and Hair Dresser, two doors south of Stockman's grocery on Perry street. Patrons solicited and good work guaranteed. [Oct 12-78-79]

Carriage Factory!
LEONHART & SHAFF,
Napoleon, Ohio.
MANUFACTURERS of Carriages, Buggies, and Wagons of every description. Special attention paid to light work, which will be guaranteed to be first-class in every particular. Do not go out of Henry County for work but give us a trial. Also do Horse shoeing and all kinds of repairing. Brick Shop corner of Washington and Monroe streets. [jy 7-78-79]

JOHN KUNZ,
Blacksmith & Horse Shoer,
Front Street, Napoleon, Ohio.
Horse shoeing and general repairing of machinery a specialty. All work done in a workmanlike manner, charges reasonable, and the patronage of the public solicited. All orders for boiler-repairing left at this shop will be promptly attended to. JOHN K. [Jan 1-79]

Miscellaneous.
BANK!
Sheffield & Norton.
NAPOLEON, OHIO.

Deposits received. Collections attended to. Money forwarded to all parts of the world at the lowest rates. Also represent the Best Fire and Life Insurance Companies in the Country.

Banking House
E. S. Blair & Co.
[Successors to First National Bank.]
NAPOLEON, O.
Deposit accounts received and certificates of deposit issued payable on demand or at a fixed date bearing interest. Collections promptly attended to.

Miscellaneous.
JOHN DIEMER,
At his Meat Market, Perry street, keeps on hand the choicest Beef, Pork, Veal, Mutton, Hams and Shoulders, Salt Pork, Corned Beef, &c. Farmers having fat cattle, hogs, sheep, hides and pelts for sale should give me a call. [f]

DENTISTRY
A. S. C. WOODIT,
[Successor to W. H. Stillwell.]
DENTIST.
Office over Reeder's Boot and Shoe Store. All operations pertaining to dentistry carefully performed. Laughing Gas, administered for the painless extraction of teeth. Work warranted and prices to suit the times.

TEETH EXTRACTED WITHOUT PAIN
Napoleon, Ohio, Oct. 14, 1878. [f]

Sash and Blind Factory!
AND
PLANING MILL.

Thiesen, Hildred & Co. Proprietors.
Take pleasure in announcing to the public and all in need of anything in the way of building material that they are now prepared to furnish them with lumber for building purposes, from the ground to the roof. We keep constantly on hand:
Doors, Sash, Blinds, Casings, Floorings, Siding, Shingles, Finished Lumber, Ber, Rough Lumber, and every kind of lumber required for building. Custom work done on short notice. Poplar, walnut, whitewood, ash and oak lumber bought and sold.

THIESEN, HILDRED & CO.
January 1, 1878-79. [f]

AT LAST!
The Thing Most Needed!
CO NOT AWAY HUNGRY!
JOHN BEILHARZ
HAS OPENED

Dining Parlors
Up stairs in Ludman's block over Norden & Co's Store, on east side of Perry Street, Napoleon, where
WARM MEALS,
Oysters by the dish or can, tea, coffee and all that the inner man craves, can be had at all hours, day or night.

Oysters by the can..... 40cts.
Oyster stew..... 25cts.
Oyster raw..... 25cts.
Oyster Fry..... 25cts.
Warm Meal..... 25cts.
[f] Well furnished parlors for ladies.

War! War! War!
Bressler & Co.,
Manufacturers of
Lath, Pickets, Shingles &c.
Pickets made to order, plain or fancy. Prices according to the times. All work warranted. Shop in Duncan's building, in the Beaver settlement, Henry county, O. dec 7-79.

P. F. ZINK,
HOUSE, SIGN,
Ornamental Fresco Painting and Gilding,
WALLS AND CEILINGS TINTED.
SHOP in Tyler Block, over Northwest Office. Orders can be left at Humphrey's Drug Store. Jan 18-80

Geo. Lighthouse,
Contractor and Builder,
NAPOLEON, Ohio. All kinds of material furnished and estimates made. Jan 18-80.

Fred Yackee's
Boot and Shoe Shop!
Perry St., north of Canal Bridge.
All kinds of Boots and Shoes manufactured to order in the neatest and most substantial manner on short notice. [f] Repairing promptly attended to. oct 15-79

W. H. Stockman,
Real Estate Dealer!
Buys and Sells
Ditch Contracts and Bonds
With G. W. Garner & Son,
11-80-79
NAPOLEON, - OHIO.

S. M. HONICK,
Merchant Tailor,
Napoleon, Ohio, Perry street south side